

## The Waterloo of King Jedediah I.

By John Fleming Wilson.

There is—or was—in the city of Honolulu on Fort street, just above Queen street and its intricacies, a certain low-ceilinged, dimly lighted coffee house. A sign informs the wayfarer that it is specially fitted up for the refreshment of the hungry who are also epicurean. It is the resort of kings.

The history of the dynasties of the South Seas is yet to be written. Certain greater princes that have exploited the coral-fringed islands, eaten of the bounty of their gardens and waged their wars of blood and commerce upon the warm reaches of the Pacific have attained to paragraphs in the newspapers and mention in the dispatches of The Powers. But of the kings themselves, those vagrant and oft-times drunken potentates ruling from thrones built amid the palms and mangoes of a thousand isles, there has never been a veracious and complete record. Down-Easter, Scot, Irishman and full-blown German, they have gone their boisterous ways, wielded their tinseled scepters and drunk their trade gin and sweet champagne with no scribe to indite their memoirs and preserve their fame.

But in Andrew's coffee house but a year ago you might meet them. King Max of Laysan would have handed you the Advertiser, designating with thick finger the item that spelled his glory; King Ole of Tahula's thumbled hand was at your disposal and minor royalties would nod and bow in subdued thunder over the going of the Morning Star to the Low Archipelago. Here was the clearing-house of the princes of the South Seas. Here they who spoke on far-off, surf-fringed domains with the voice of authority might easily be enticed to amicable and even confidential chat about shell and copra and came and the politics of the great deep.

The arrival of a schooner in the offing meant much in Andrew's coffee house. Let Kaheamahu, the waiter, fling open the door that gave on the hot street and cry "Somebody coming!" The kings rose and reached for white jackets and limp hats with exclamations of anticipation or disgust, as it meant the arrival of some brother lord or the imminent departure of one already of the company. A little later you might see them on Wilder's wharf straddled on huge legs, smoking prodigious pipes, all gazing out toward the entrance in the reef beyond which a schooner jockeyed for her straight course in.

One such day I had been in Andrew's with the Nestor of all South Sea Journalists, the friend and celebrator of half the notables along the Equator. He had been devouring (he had a true Atlantic taste though he had not seen "home" in thirty years) a huge portion of bacon and eggs with a ponderous cup of coffee to savor it, between mouthfuls telling me the inside of the latest coup d'état in the vexed territory of Hawaii. The drone of conversation, the steaming air that breathed in from the torrid town, had put me almost to sleep and I fear I had caught but little of his tale when I yielded entirely to the drowsy influences of the place and dozed.

When I awoke Kaheamahu's cry still rang in my ears and my companion was wiping his beard with his handkerchief preparatory to going forth with the rest. "You'd better come along," he remarked. "A little fresh air will do you good."

The remark was so commonplace that I nearly dozed again. But I heard a well-known voice—the voice of the Lord of Nua—saying, "It's Jedediah's Bess of Bath. Jedediah ain't been up from Enid Island in ten years, I'll bet."

"Who's Jedediah?" I demanded of the journalist.

"Jedediah the First is the King of Enid," he responded sententiously.

"And where's Enid?" I pursued.

"Due south," was the reply. "Next to Christmas Island it's about as far out of the world as you can get. Jedediah ought to have come up long before now."

We followed the kings at a respectful distance down Fort street and along the coral-strewn waterfront till we reached the wharf, whence the harbor lay in full view, sparkling in the afternoon sun out to the dancing surf on the reef, hemmed in with delicate white arms of dazzling sand, like a bowl out-held by some fair woman.

Beyond the reef I saw the schooner whose arrival had made all this stir. She leant against the Trades gently, a gossamer curl of white water at her prow, a slender thread of green traversing the azure sea behind her, marking her path. As she heeled over to the scented gale that bore to her the heavy odors of the flowery valleys of Oahu I saw that she was very old. Her antique topsail was patched and stained, and the very timbers of her bow, as she rose streaming from the surge, seemed worn and thin. The long stretch of green, that traced her wake for the eye, one of the kings explained: "She's foul with weeds. The Bess of Bath ain't been on a dock or on a beach to be scraped this twenty years."

And his judgment was confirmed when the ancient vessel found her position to enter between the foaming reef-heads and bore up into the wind. It seemed that it was with the utmost difficulty that her master made her understand the direction he indicated, for there were two opinions as to whether she would not pile up on the reef. But the topsail filled again and the Bess of Bath forged in and headed for the buoy that marks the turn in the channel. Here, again, she seemed on the verge of destruction; it was only after a full minute's time that she recovered and drew into the harbor, the song of the Kanakas of her crew coming softly to our ears.

As a boat pulled away vigorously from the schooner's side the oldest journalist in the South Seas nodded his head and told me to look out for an item. "That's Jedediah," he informed me. "You'd better get a talk with him now, for he'll be pretty busy when he gets close to American whiskey and cigars. I'll introduce you."

The boat swung up alongside a bark discharging pressurized coal for the mail boats and Jedediah came up on the wharf with a flourish of arms and a

kick that sent the sailor on whose shoulder he mounted howling into the bottom of the boat. Once on the planks and firm on his feet he pulled his cap hard down over his eyes, scowled at the unfortunate Kanaka now giggling among his companions, and peered out under the sun at his schooner. Satisfied, apparently, that this ancient craft was secure, the King of Enid advanced towards us. The King of Kohala was the first to greet him: "Hello, Jedediah," he said hoarsely. "Thought you'd quit this part of the world and gone to the Colonies."

They shook hands solemnly, without further words and my companion adroitly thrust me in among those present. Royalty squeezed my hand in an immense paw and immediately turned up and away from the wharf. The rest of us followed, a taciturn procession stringing out over the coral like men following a boss to work, each of us stumping along industriously in the rear of this determined figure.

It was not to Andrew's that we went this time. We did not even pass the place; instead we turned at Queen Street, shuffled down an alley bordered with lean palms and into the cool court of Cunha's, quencher of Equatorial thirsts, blender of savory concoctions fit for throats parched through long seasons.

It is not for a scribbler of paragraphs to depict the solemn, almost melancholy gusto with which the kings drank, nor the amelioration of their manners as the strong waters had their effect, nor the expansion of Jedediah I.

In due time the ceremony was over. A dozen questions had been propounded and answered and the Press advanced and made its queries in the name of the anxious and expectant public, while the kings departed with retreating cries and ejaculations till the last vanished out into the afternoon and the bartender returned to his nook by the refrigerator.

"Nothing to say much," said the king. "Enid is still there, or was fifty-four days ago when we sailed. I'm here and you're here and Hawaii has gone over to Uncle Sam and I want another drink and a cigar and a piece of pie."

"Pie!" I exclaimed, as we drank; "that's a funny thing to ask for." "Is it?" the king returned simply. "I haven't had a piece of pie in eleven years. I was brought up on it. They don't make pie down in my district. Where can we get some?"

We went companionably to George's and sat down under a fan. The king looked at it and then looked at me. "Queer sort of punkah, that. Run by clockwork?"

"Electricity," I informed him.

"Sure enough," he said readily. "I got a paper a year ago from Sydney that told about what electricity was doing. But I want pie."

He got it, and as he went into it I mentioned again the fact that I desired to know the purpose of this visit and the news of Enid, that the public might be informed of its prince's arrival in due form.

He stopped politely and gave me briefly what I thought I desired. I thanked him and he resumed his pie as I left. I looked back when I reached the street. The king was ordering more pie.

In the evening, when the lights blaze on King street and creep out of the foliage of Punchbowl, when the breeze that has roared all the hot day becomes only a perfumed sigh, Honolulu wakes to her varied life and enjoys her kings. On this occasion they strolled up and down the thoroughfares, dividing the polyglot, laughing, singing throng with vast shoulders, calling over the garlanded heads in deep-sea tones, scattering the largess of their treasures with lavish hands. But the King of Enid was not among them. From the river to the quiet reaches of the palace grounds he was not visible and I, being a seeker after the wisdom of crowned heads as expounded by the lords of the sea-girt isles, sought him elsewhere.

I found him in one corner of Cunha's, a bottle and a glass at his hand, his face to the ceiling, his eyes fixed upon a nymph that disported herself in the

fashion of half a world away with immutable posture and eternal smile.

Kind Jedediah pushed the bottle towards me and withdrew his thoughtful glance from the painted divinity. When I had helped myself he poured him out a glass and drank it slowly. "How does it seem to get back?" I inquired with banal civility.

"It's the very devil," he added soberly. "The very devil. I'm not back yet."

"How do you mean?" I demanded. "It's the damned Germans," he exploded.

"Seized your island?" I suggested, thinking of Samoa and Pago-Pago.

"The Germans and ambition," answered the king. "I was after too much and I got it."

"I don't understand," I said. "Have they taken Enid?"

"Not by a darn sight!" he exclaimed. "But they're welcome to it, now. I don't know what to do."

To advise kings is a hardy matter. I chose silence.

"You see," the king went on presently, "it was all because of a little German band."

This was his poem. His tale, the tale of the Waterloo of King Jedediah, related by himself, was as follows:

I took up Enid about fifteen years ago. I was mate of the old bark Hesper in those days and she had a hard name. So did I. The crew was 'as tough a set of Auckland galley-boys as ever I drove. Therefore, I was set ashore on Enid one fine night and the Hesper went on up to the States with the crew running the ship.

I didn't like being marooned that way, at first. But Enid was a nice little island. Plenty of coconuts and mangoes and soursops and pears and kalo and as decent a lot of natives as I ever did see. Out of the way, that was the only matter with the place. But I fixed that all right. I bought the Bess of Bath three years later off a trader and that way I got a trip to the Colonies once in a while and a way of getting my copra and shell to market.

Any of the boys will tell you I did pretty well by Enid. I married the chief's daughter and taught 'em a lot of things about trading. I put Enid on the map. I tell you right now I turned over a lot of money and put 't right back into the island. Why, five years ago I had a bandstand put up, besides a big treasury building, and passed a law that every man should drill once a week in my army. You could have come to Enid and found the most up-to-date kingdom in the South Seas. I had a lot of improvements and this year I was going to go to San Francisco and get a full outfit of these electric fixings. I was going to have a waterworks, a lot of street lights and a town clock. I would have, if I had n't got ambitious and run afoul of little German band.

You see it was this way. There's little wind down Enid way and it gets so darned lonesome and slow that a man wants something doing. I went in for more white folks. "Gimme somebody that knows what I say when I swear," is my principle.

What I wanted was Americans. I'm an American and a good up-to-date island needs 'em. They're the people to make things hum. But I couldn't get 'em. I had to take what I could pick up and I got me Himmelfritz from Tonga, a German; Lavang, a French skipper that lost his ship and his papers at the same time down Tahiti way; and a big, devil-may-care remittance Britisher from Sydney. I reckon nobody but Jedediah could have handled that crowd. But I handled 'em, all right. I made Himmelfritz treasurer and Boggs, the Britisher, chief engineer, and Lavang, head of the customs. Darn 'em, they worked, you bet. Let 'em swear all they want, was my principle, but make 'em work.

You had ought to have seen the army I got together. And the way the natives hustled. I tell you I was worth a good round hundred thousand a year ago. Then I got ambitious. A man does, thinking nights when the stars are particularly bright and the blossoms are thick in the hills.

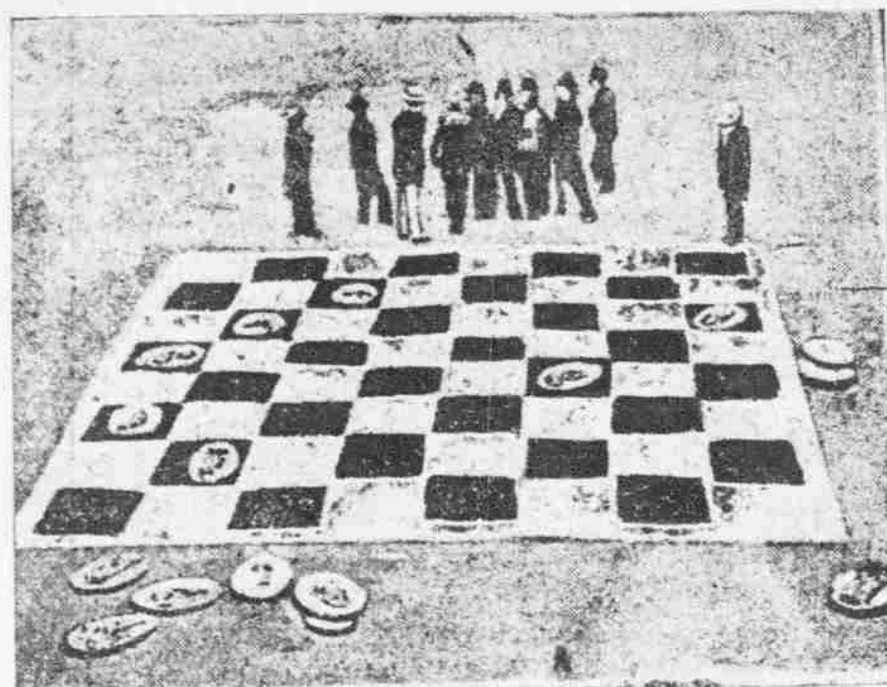
"Himmelfritz," says I one day, "we've got an army and a treasury building and a park and bandstand. What we need is a band."

"Music," says Himmelfritz, pawing his beard. "Is foolishness. It's something I don't want. The natives are bad enough."

The Dutchman was correct. But I

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## Chess on a Monster Board



OUTDOOR GAME PLAYED WITH PAPIER MACHE MEN AND BOAT HOOKS.

As a part of the graduation festivities at Columbia University yesterday there was a game of chess played with boat hooks. It was called "Outdoor Chess," a section of the lawn of South Field being squared off like a chess board. The men were of papier-mache, each affixed to a shield and lying flat. On the nose of each—king, queen, knight, bishop, rook and pawn—was a ring into which the boat hook was inserted when a move was made. Several hundred students and friends gathered about the chess board.

Dr. H. B. Mitchell, professor of higher mathematics, and Otto Brown, senior in civil engineering school and captain of the Varsity Chess Club, were the contestants. The champion of the faculty won the first move. The opponents squared off like a pair of single-stick players and began to operate their boat hooks. The game chosen was Queen's Gambit declined.

The game progressed with considerable interest, as the players walked back and forth over the chess board—which was about 24 by 24 feet—and worked their hooks. It was something of an undertaking to lift a dead piece off the board. The play was close until the thirtieth move, when the champion of the faculty overlooked a flaw in his defense that gave the senior the advantage. The checkmate was administered five moves later.—N. Y. World.

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First Verger—Do you 'ave matins at your church? Second Verger—No; we 'as linoleums.—The Sketch.

Acting upon a suggestion of the Kaiser, a number of the German military band marches have been arranged for the voice, with appropriate words, by Ferdinand Hummel. There is opportunity here for such adaptation of some of John Philip Sousa's familiar compositions.

"I understand that you have relics of the war for sale," said the Southern tourist to the little towhead. "We did have," replied the boy, "but they done bought us out, an' the swords had buried last week won't git rusted 'fore summer."—Atlanta Constitution.